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# St. Jeanne D'Arc

## The Maid of Orleans

*A Historical Drama*  
*In Six Episodes*

BY  
FLAVIAN LARBES  
*Friar Minor*



1920  
Press of S. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

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FRANCISCAN FATHERS

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*Nihil obstat:*

FULGENTIUS MEYER, O. F. M.,  
Censor Dep.

*Imprimatur:*

†HENRICUS MOELLER, D. D.,  
Archiepiscopus Cin.

*Imprimi potest:*

RUDOLPHUS BONNER, O. F. M.,  
Min. Prov.

## AUTHORITIES CONSULTED

WEISS—Weltgeschichte;  
GUIZOT—History of France;  
CANTU—Universal History;  
LYNCH—St. Jeanne d'Arc;  
MAXWELL-SCOT—Joan of Arc;  
MARK TWAIN—Joan of Arc;  
MACKAYE—Jeanne d'Arc.

*A WILD ROSE,—simply sweet,  
That grew untended,  
Save by God's good sun and rain;  
And far from crowded street,  
Where wiles and wisdom meet,  
By which are mended  
Strifes that rend God's world in twain;  
Or else meet worse defeat.*

*God laid her to his breast;—  
How close her cleaving!  
Plucked her, paled from parting's pain,  
Placed her o'er kingly crest,  
'Gainst man's and her protest;  
And she, believing,  
Brought a race to God again,  
Which thanks with flames expressed.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JEANNE D'ARC, called Jeannette

JACQUES D'ARC

ISABELLE ROMÉE D'ARC

*Her parents*

JACQUES

PIERRE

JEAN

*Her brothers*

DURANDE LAXART, the uncle

CHARLES VII., King of France

LA TREMOUILLE, his Prime-minister

REGNAULT DE CHARTRES, Archbishop of Rheims

PIERRE CAUCHON, Bishop of Beauvais

LOYSELEUR, Master of Arts

PÈRE LOUIS FRONTE, parish priest of Domremy

DUNOIS

DUKE D'ALENÇON

LA HIRE

JACQUES COEUR

LOUIS FLAVY

BERTRAND DE POULEGNY

*Army Officers*

QUEEN YOLANDE of Arragon

AGNES SOREL

THE COURT JESTER

A VAGRANT SOLDIER

LOUIS DE CONTE

EDMOND AUBREY

NOËL RAINGUESSON

MENGETTE

HAUMETTE

MINSTRELS

FRIARS—Franciscans and Dominicans

SOLDIERS

CITIZENS

VILLAGERS

} *Youths of Domremy*

} *Companions of Jeanne  
at Domremy*

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*The banner of Jeanne portrayed the image of Christ standing, with a lily in his hand, on a field of white silk. Below in large letters of gold stood the names "Jesu, Maria!"*

*The first episode is not in strict accordance with the dates of history. Jeanne received her "Voices" in the summer of 1428, and in February of 1429 came to Vaucouleurs.*



# ST. JEANNE D'ARC

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS

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### I. EPISODE

---

SCENE: *An open ground, rising in the rear, with rocks and trees. In the rear to the right, cliffs form a little shrine of our blessed Lady. Two steps in the rock lead up to the Statue, before which a Votive Lamp is burning. The cliffs that form the side of the shrine toward interior of stage are painted on a screen, through which the apparitions of ST. MICHAEL, STS. MARGARET and CATHERINE can be shown. In the foreground toward the left a large birch-tree (the *Arbre de Fee*, or *des Femmes*). It is behung with garlands, around*

*the trunk, for the celebration of the May-day. Towards the right a log on which the men play cards, one toward the wings sits on the log, one squats on the ground to the left, another to the rear. A rustic bench by the side of it, on which MOTHER D'ARC sits and knits. Beyond the Ladies' tree another bench on which later the priest and the knight seat themselves. Time is the afternoon of May-day, which was kept annually. The young folks with joined hands are circling round the Ladies' tree singing. FATHER D'ARC, UNCLE LAXART and MAYOR AUBREY are engaged in a card game on the log. There are lunch baskets and some bowls standing on the bench and the ground. Also a jug or a canteen with something drinkable in it. The men set their mouth to the jug to drink, the girls use a cup.*



## DANCE SONG

*Heigh and ho, and around we go,  
Fairies weave what spells you know,  
Find a laddie for each lass,  
Ere our May-day frolic pass.*

*Heigh and ho, you Fairies know,  
When the bridal blossoms blow,  
Fairies shake the Ladies' tree,  
Let good fortune fall on me.*

*Heigh and ho, with love-lilt low,  
May-time breezes woo and glow,  
Hand in hand the lovers go,  
Here the Ladies' tree below.*

*With a shout and a laugh they break away  
and dispose themselves in an easy group, re-  
freshing themselves with a drink, etc.*

MOTHER ISABELLE

Father, where is our Jeannette?

EDMOND AUBREY

Yes, where's  
Jeannette? With her away our May-day's like  
A tune played only on one string; it's dull.

NOËL RAINGUESSON

We've had no sight of her this live-long day.

MENGETTE

She was at Mass this morning.

DE CONTE

O at Mass

You'll see her every morning.

FATHER D'ARC

Don't know where

She is or what she's up to. She's that queer.  
Of late, I feel like using holy water,  
That spooky, when I meet her.

UNCLE LAXART

And I'm sure

It's godless what her father's saying now.

FATHER D'ARC

God knows, I love the girl;—I'd spill my blood  
For her, should it be drained from me with  
torture

As fierce as burning; but—I'm sore dis-  
tressed;—

She's different,—there's no one like her here,  
And I did dream the other night,—O God,  
Let never it come true,—she'd gone away;

Away to fields of battle, and was clad  
In shining armor,—swung a sword,—and rode  
A horse, and went right through the midst of  
broil

And wounds and death.—God help me, but  
before

She comes to that, I'll make her brother's do't.  
Or else I'll do't myself,—I'll drown her in  
The well.

MOTHER D'ARC

O father, don't!—How can you say  
Such dreadful, sinful words.

[*Enter PÈRE FRONTE, with BERTRAND DE  
POULEGNY.*

PÈRE FRONTE

God bless you all,

Dear people.

ALL

[*rise and curtesy*]

God bless you, too, Père Fronte.

PÈRE FRONTE

I bring you here Sir Bertrand de Poulegny  
Our neighbor, who has come to share our feast,  
As ancient custom has established.

BERTRAND

I

Give you good-day, good village folk. I'm  
pleased

To spend an hour with you.

*[The men resume their card-game.]*

PÈRE FRONTE

Young folks, have you  
Already had your dance?

EDMOND AUBREY

We have, Père Fronte;  
We made the fairies look like poor and lame  
Performers.

NOËL

Off they scampered, wild with panic,  
When here this spring-calf struck out all four  
ways

At once.

EDMOND

Take care, my man, I'll strike out  
straight  
And land upon your jaw.—You hop about  
As if a bumble-bee had stung you and  
You call it dancing. Shucks! I'd have old Liz,  
Our stiff-legged cow to give me lessons,—fact!  
If I were you.

NOËL

You've got the best of us  
There, having the teacher in the family.

PÈRE FRONTE

*[Going toward the bench]*

But what a splendid May-day this has been!  
The skies so radiant,—nowhere a cloud  
To darken and to dull the blue; the blue  
So deep as though it were Our Lady's mantle.  
The fields and forests garbed in freshest green,  
Make children of us, who would romp and  
roam

All day; and mother earth exhales a breath  
With vigor pregnant, like good wine, to make  
The oldest pulses leap with joy of life.

BERTRAND

And yet the clouds hang dark and deep on  
France.

PÈRE FRONTE

Dear Sir, 'tis man, and always man, who mars  
The paradise of God.

*[They take the bench to the left of the  
tree and converse. One of the girls  
serves them a drink.]*

PIERRE

The sun has topped  
The skies and now is reeling westward, like  
One falling down from giddy heights.—He soon  
Will draw the crimson veil about his face.  
Let's have a game before our frolic ends.

HAUMETTE

A game,—let's have a game;—what shall it be?

EDMOND

Let's stage a sham-fight with Burgundians.

JACQUES

And who of us should be Burgundian?

NOËL

I'd rather change my manhood with a toad,  
Than wear the name Burgundian.

HAUMETTE

For shame!

The traitors! Huh!

[*She spits out in contempt.*]

NOËL

The vipers bred and warmed  
In France's bosom.

MENGETTE

Look! Here comes Jeannette.

HAUMETTE

Good, good!

PIERRE

At last!

DE CONTE

I wonder where she's been?

*[Jeannette waves her hand in salutation  
to all.]*

FATHER D'ARC

For shame, Jeannette! Where have you been  
all day?

I ought to be real angry with my girl.

JEANNETTE

Ah, don't, dad, don't,—I'm sorry, sure.

*[She kisses him on the forehead and pats  
his cheek.]*

Hello,

Uncle Laxart!

*[Goes to her mother and puts her arm  
around her.]*

And did you miss me much?

MOTHER D'ARC

We did, my child, but it's all right,—all right.

UNCLE LAXART

And what's our little "Brave" been at to-day?  
Burgundians did not raid the town, I hope?

JEANNETTE

[*laughing*]

No,—only Granny Merl had her bad day.

UNCLE LAXART

And our Samaritan poured oil and wine  
Upon her prickly temper, eh?

MENGETTE

Jeannette,  
We've missed you, dear, so very much.

EDMOND

Our "Bashful" has been hiding this whole day.

HAUMETTE

Like all the fairest flowers do.

JEANNETTE

O hush!

I'm sorry, friends, but I—

[*Sees PÈRE FRONTE and rushes over to  
him, kneels down and kisses his hand.*]



PÈRE FRONTE

God bless you, dear.

*[She curtsies to SIR BERTRAND and returns  
to her companions.]*

PÈRE FRONTE

*[to SIR BERTRAND.]*

A godly child;—no better far and wide;  
To heaven none more dear, perhaps in all  
The world.

PIERRE

Sister, how is the speckled lamb?

JEANNETTE

Ah, the poor darling broke its little leg.  
This morning just I laid it up in splints,  
You should have seen,—it tried to hobble and  
I had to bind it down upon the straw.

*[Meanwhile a vagabond soldier has  
wearily dragged himself upon the scene.]*

EDMOND

O see, what's coming here,—a soldier-tramp.

JEANNETTE

Poor man, he's altogether tired out,—  
He must be starving, too.

*[She takes a bowl and hurries toward  
the man.]*

FATHER D'ARC

Jeannette, be careful,—girl,—leave him alone.  
Too many rogues are prowling through the  
land.

*[JEANNETTE gives the vagrant the bowl of  
porridge.]*

VAGRANT

God love you, fairest maid, you save my life.

JEANNETTE

O father, he is hungry and I gave  
Him just my porridge, left from dinner.

FATHER D'ARC

Yes,

Small thanks you'll get, I'm sure, from such  
as him,  
A ruffian and a good-for-nothing scamp.

JEANNETTE

Well, father, if he's bad, it's in his heart;  
He's hungry in his stomach and 'twas that  
I fed, it being wholly innocent.

FATHER D'ARC

Now make me none of your smart answers.

UNCLE LAXART

Good!

Well said, my dear, and you are in the right.

[PÈRE FRONTE *and* SIR BERTRAND *come up*.]

PÈRE FRONTE

My man,—who are you, and from where?

VAGRANT

Mon Père,

A vagrant just, that't all, who comes from  
nowhere.

SIR BERTRAND

You bear the marks of a land-faring man;  
Perhaps you have some news to tell from  
France?

## VAGRANT

No news, Sir Knight, except the same as all  
 These thirteen years gone by,—defeat—and  
 shame.

[*All sigh and groan.*]

## JEANNETTE

O tell the story once again, good man,  
 Let's hear it all; however sad it be.

## VAGRANT

You ask, dear maid, I fear you know not what.  
 Our France is like a stag at bay, that fell  
 Because its breath was spent and gone its  
 strength;

And then the wolves in pack fell on their prey.  
 I saw the day of Agincourt,—the first  
 Of our disgrace,—and many since came after.  
 Our army then was sixty-thousand strong,  
 And knights more handsome never marched  
 to war.

Their armor burnished gold; and plumes they  
 wore

Like rainbows shorn from heav'n; their  
 shields eclipsed

The sun; their steeds were cased in silver plate.

Eight thousand English lay opposed; a mass  
As drab as dirt, in mail of dull gray steel.

It looked as if the hordes of Lucifer,  
Were loosed from hell to strive with hosts of  
Heav'n.

I heard proud Harry cry: "Remember, men;  
This is St. Crispin's day!"—So close we lay.  
Good God, I thought not then how true he  
spoke.

They tanned our hides; they cobbled us to  
wear

Beneath their soles; we've been their footwear  
since.

O God, to see our gorgeous ranks go down!  
They broke like sapless reeds before the wind;  
They fled like snow melts in an April thaw;  
They shrivelled up like firstlings of the Spring  
When bitten by the frost. O such a slaughter!  
Such hopeless rout! Then France went in the  
dust

And rise she can't, not even to her knees.

*[The men clench their fists and gnash  
their teeth; the women weep. JEAN-  
NETTE stands tense, wide-eyed, with lips  
half parted.]*

## VAGRANT

I was at St. Denis, when Charles VI.  
Was there entombed. The people wrung their  
                  hands

And wept, as moans the sea before the storm.  
One walked alone, in black, behind the hearse,  
The Duke of Bedford, and before him went  
The sword of state; the only royal mourner;  
And when the tomb had shut its marble gates  
On all that's mortal of a king;—he cried:  
“Long live the king of England and of France,  
Henry VI.”—But none made outcry,—none;  
They ground their teeth and silent, sullen went  
Their ways.—The grass grows tall in Paris'  
                  streets

And wolves by night go prowling through the  
                  suburbs.

But conquest after conquest England makes.  
Our pride's sole remnant,—wealthy Orleans,  
Lies strangled in the iron grip of siege;  
Their cry for help,—for answer gets despair.  
O France is stricken with a double wound;  
She bleeds where arrows of her foes have struck,  
But more from inner sores beyond all healing.

SIR BERTRAND

But La Gravelle shines bright with honor and  
With hope.

VAGRANT

Ha! Yes! A victory for France!

A hero-mother buckled on her boy,—  
A stripling just of twelve years pith—the sword  
His sires had oft in bloody combat borne.  
“Be brave as they!” she said, and off he dashed  
And drew no rein until his charger pranced  
In our first ranks. One shout uprose,—and  
then,

As torrents leap and roar, that thund’ring swirl  
Their icy masses from the Vosges down,  
We hurled our fury’s might upon the foe,  
And swept him broke and beaten from the  
fields.

O God, when comes a leader for our hosts,  
That France once more may stride to victory!

PÈRE FRONTE

Out of the depths we cry to Thee, O Lord,  
When wilt Thou, Lord, incline to hear our  
prayers.

PIERRE

A leader, yes, and I will march to-day.

JEAN

God helping, I'll not lag behind.

DE CONTE

Nor I.

JEANNETTE

*[in fixed attitude, as if communing  
with herself]—*

You three shall go within this year.

*[All look at her in amazement.]*

EDMOND

Give me a sword and I'll be first of the first.

JEANNETTE

You shall go—later—but unwillingly.

NOËL

What was that she said?

DE CONTE

We shall go to war

Within this year.

HAUMETTE

O what's the matter?

MENGETTE

Why

She looks as if she saw something.



EDMOND

Silly!

There's nothing there at all.

FATHER D'ARC

*[frightened]*

That girl,—just look,  
She's clear beside herself.

UNCLE LAXART

Don't frighten her.  
She's filled with all she's heard.

MOTHER D'ARC

*[putting her arms around her tenderly]*

Jeannette, my dear,  
What is it, child? What have you?

*[JEANNETTE relaxes with a sigh and re-  
clines smiling in her mother's arms.]*

JEANNETTE

I just dreamed.

PÈRE FRONTE

*[to Poulegny]*

God's spirit blows where'er it wills, and oft  
He takes the lowly to confound the great,  
And what is not,—to put to naught what is.

## SIR BERTRAND

Should woman be the savior of our France?

[*The Angelus rings. All bare their heads and bow in prayer. A choir of children behind the scenes softly chants the choral, "Ave Maria"*].

## PÈRE FRONTE

So ends our holiday.—These little feasts—  
Recurring with the year,—however poor  
With entertainment,—yet are dear, as all  
That's hallowed by observance brought from  
days

Of old.—Together,—come,—let's homeward go.

[*The priest, the VAGRANT and the knight go off together. The rest gather up their baskets, etc., and follow after. JEANNETTE and her mother are last.*]

## MOTHER D'ARC

Come, dear.

## JEANNETTE

No, mother, I'll come later,—first  
I must bring flowers to Our Lady's shrine,  
And trim her lamp. I fear she'll be displeased.  
I had no chance all day to visit her.

## MOTHER D'ARC

Well, don't be long, Jeannette, 'twill soon be dark.

[JEANNETTE *takes garlands from the tree and carries them to the shrine. At the shrine she first kneels down.* ST. MICHAEL *appears.*

## ST. MICHAEL

O child of God,—be not afraid,—I come  
To tell you God's command,—the time's at  
hand,—

No longer tarry,—bid farewell to all,—  
And go to France,—approach the Governor  
Of Vaucouleurs and bid him to conduct  
You to the king;—full-armored and with  
sword;

To raise the siege of Orleans. That done,  
The king shall go to Rheims and there be  
crowned.

God's pleasure shines on France, and—little  
maid,—

His might which needs for help no arm of man  
Allies itself to frailness, needing you.

Your work's assigned, your way is clear,—  
then go!

JEANNETTE

O God!—O spare me, Lord, I cannot go.

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

And must I go to great-folk and to kings  
Who am so timid,—bashful,—stupid,—ah!  
Can neither read, nor write, nor speak.

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

And must I gird my maiden limbs in steel,  
And brutal soldiers lead, with sword in hand  
To bloody broil and battle? I,—who scarce  
Can look on blood unless I cry and faint?  
And must I say farewell to fields and flocks,  
To home and loved ones,—must I leave my  
mother?—

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

Far rather would I sit by her and spin  
And sew, than be the queen herself of France.

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

My mother will not understand,—she'll grieve  
And pine, when I'm away,—she'll break her  
heart.

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

My father, Oh!—He'll curse me if I go!

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

JEANNETTE

O God, God!—I cannot!

ST. MICHAEL

Go!

*[She falls on her face and weeps.—ST.  
MICHAEL disappears.]*

*[STS. CATHERINE and MARGARET appear.]*

ST. CATHERINE

Be comforted, dear child!

ST. MARGARET

Weep not! For see,  
We will be ever at your side—by day,  
By night,—through dangers, wounds and death.

JEANNETTE  
[*raises herself*]

Sweet Saints,  
You are so good to me. I feel no fears  
When you are near.

ST. CATHERINE  
Courage, Jeannette! Be brave!  
God's arm's outstretched, your shelter and  
your shield.

ST. MARGARET  
God's spirit hovers over you,—and words  
And wisdom, keener than the ken of men,  
Shall fall on you with Pentecostal fire.

JEANNETTE  
Dear Saints, I'm glad and sad at once. I now  
Must act the giant, and I'm just a girl.

ST. CATHERINE  
Fear not! We are with you!

ST. MARGARET  
Be brave, dear child! Adieu!  
[*They disappear*].

FATHER D'ARC  
[*calling outside*]

Ho! Hello! Jeannette!

[*It has grown dark. Enter with lanterns*

FATHER D'ARC, UNCLE LAXART, BER-  
TRAND DE POULEGNY. JEANNE comes  
*down.*

FATHER D'ARC

Where are you, girl?—Where have you been  
so long?

JEANNETTE

My father,—God commands that I shall go  
To France.

FATHER D'ARC

Ha! My dream! O God! Hast come? Ah, no,  
Ah, no! It cannot be!

[*Wild with anguish he rushes off.*

JEANNETTE

Uncle Laxart,  
I know you'll help me, won't you? You must  
take

Me to the Governor of Vaucouleurs,—  
He'll send me to the king. It's God's command.

And you, Sir Bertrand de Poulegny, are  
To be the champion of my cause.

[SIR BERTRAND *nods his head in silent assent.*

UNCLE LAXART

Jeannette, it's no good,—leave me out,—I  
won't,—  
I cannot take you.

JEANNETTE

Uncle Laxart, you  
Must go. God's hour has struck,—it's free-  
dom's hour  
For France. Will you resist the will of God?

UNCLE LAXART

No,—No,—Jeannette,—never—

JEANNETTE

Then come. Your hand  
And yours, Sir Bertrand. Let's go together.  
It is God's command!

[*Curtain*]





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## II. EPISODE

---

SCENE: *Royal palace at Chinon. Throne at the right. By the side of it, toward the front, a small desk at which LA TREMOUILLE sits writing, his back toward interior of stage. CHARLES VII. is lolling in a chair, which occupies the fore-center of the stage. AGNES SOREL is seated on a hassock at his feet. He is entirely absorbed in her and has his back toward LA TREMOUILLE.*

LA TREMOUILLE

*[rises with several papers in hand]*

Sire!—*(he coughs)* Sire!—Your royal Highness!

AGNES

*[calls king's attention]*

Psst!

KING

Well, what's the trouble now again?—I say,  
 Agnes, why are prime-ministers?—They're  
 such

A bore.

AGNES

For kings, they are supposed to be,  
 What switches are for naughty boys.—Be good!

LA TREMOUILLE

Sire, your ear for just one moment, please.  
 I beg to know your worship's pleasure on  
 These bills, I—

KING

Bills?

LA TREMOUILLE

Yes, bills,—accounts of debt.  
 A butcher's here for just one thousand francs;  
 A tailor's,—three years due, four thousand  
 francs;  
 A cobbler's—

KING

Man, you're dotty, pest'ring me  
 With house-wife cares. Those base-born in-  
 grates ought

Be proud to have their names recorded in  
The debt-book of a king, and so be kept  
For immortality.

LA TREMOUILLE

Well, then, your troops,  
Your Scottish mercenaries want their pay,  
Or else;—their threats are loud to mutiny.

KING

In heaven's name why don't you pay them,  
man?

LA TREMOUILLE

Well said—but, Sire, your purse is empty as  
A bushel over-turned and shaken out.  
Your kingdom's bankrupt by your squander-  
ings.

KING

[*laughs loud.*]

Your joke will make our Jester pawn his bells.

AGNES

My king has surely got a mirthful way  
Of squandering a kingdom.

LA TREMOUILLE

And the queen  
Has pawned her jewels for the army's pay.

KING

What?—No?—Our queen her jewels gave?  
 How sad!  
 She is most fond of pretty, precious things.

AGNES

True, woman's love is ever sacrifice;  
 She counts the keenest just a pleasant gift  
 And gladly given, should it tell the depth,  
 And circumscribe the greatness of her love.

KING

Her jewels,—deep-sea pearls and lustrous  
 gems;  
 The garnet dyed in blood; the topaz lit  
 With inward fires; the ruby warm as heart  
 Of man; the sapphire dark as passion;—ah!  
 I know she loved them dearly,—prized them  
 much.

AGNES

They were the worthy setting for her beauty;  
 The fitting frame for her much fairer self.

LA TREMOUILLE

The queen her jewels pawned;—but the great  
 mouth,

Of your debentures gulped this morsel down,  
Which whetted but its larger appetite,  
And noways stilled its hungry greed for more.

## KING

Why should a king so dearly pay for that  
Small band of gold, they call his crown? I'll pay  
No more.—Let Harry come.—They're conquest mad  
In England, and pretending Saliclaw,  
They varnish up to look like painted saint,  
What's plainest robbery. O let them have  
My crown. They're welcome to't. I'm tired  
of war  
And wrangling. Rather be a churl than king.

## AGNES

Is that your love for France? What soul so  
dead  
That cannot rouse for home and native land?  
Men die for France and count their thousand  
wounds  
For nought. Men slave in toil and grind the  
flesh  
Down to the bone to earn the pittance of  
Starvation here, and stay in France for love;

Whilst worlds outside with riches beckon them.  
 To be a churl in France seems more to them  
 Than king of boundless states elsewhere. And  
     you,

Their king, the shrine wherein's embodied all  
 That's sacred in the love of home and country,  
 In peevish temper cry: "Enough! I'm tired  
 Of this rude wrangling and I'll give my crown,  
 My rightful heritage from Charlemagne down  
 To any vile pretender!"—Fie, ah, fie!

KING

*[holding his ears shut]*

Stop, Agnes, stop! I cannot bear your chidings.  
 Your tongue has keener edge than Bedford's  
     sword.

La Tremouille, your purse has fattened big  
 On spoils from France;—loose up its strings;—  
     disburse

Your pelf for France and for our present needs.

LA TREMOUILLE

*[shrugs his shoulders and strokes his chin]*

Well,—Sire;—I have a mortgage here—  
   so't please

Your highness, just to sign your name—

*[goes back to his desk]*

AGNES

[*with signs of warning*]

Psst! No!

[JESTER *bursts in abruptly, bounding and singing.*]

KING

Ho, ho! Here comes our Jester. Welcome, fool!

And what's your tune to-day?

JESTER

The old, old tune  
Which cawed an ancient crow in Noah's Ark.

*Will you walk into my—snap-jaws*

*Said the—shark once to a king.*

You know;—but mine's with a moral,—  
listen:—

*Little leeches breed a vampire*

*When a mortgage pricks a king.*

[LA TREMOUILLE *clenches his fist and mutters a curse.*]

KING

[*laughing*]

You rogue, you want your asses' ears  
clipped, eh?

JESTER

I must consult your wisdom, Sire.—Attend:—  
Perchance a king wear patches on his cloak,  
Is he a king of patches then, or just  
A patched-up king?

KING

And what's the sense in that?

JESTER

O none whatever,—only this:—

Hoard up your silver  
And lock up your gold,  
To buy a new mantle  
When this one is old.

A patch wants a patch  
For company's sake,  
And a king with a patch,  
The devil may take.

KING

Bah! you're an old-fashioned fool; clearly out  
Of date,—not so, Agnes?



AGNES

I'd welcome give  
To armies of such fools, could they but mend  
And medicine the follies of our time.

JESTER

*[bows pompously and declaims]*

Most noble and puissant king;—The name  
Of France is glory's theme, as minstrels claim;  
And minstrels here, beg hearing from the king  
Their lore of love, their lay most leal to sing.

KING

What say you?—Minstrels? Truly? Bring  
them in.

For aye the minstrel's been a welcome guest  
With kings in France. The wreath of laurel  
stood

In awe just second to the royal crown.  
And kings have gone to minstrels oft in school;  
For what behooves to chivalry, can ne'er  
Be learnt by rote;—it comes from heights  
supernal

Where minstrels bide at home.

*[A flourish of trumpets outside. A page  
enters and calls:—"THE MINSTRELS!"*

—*The KING rises and goes to the throne. The page removes the chair and places it by the side of LA TREMOUILLE'S desk. It is occupied by ARCHBISHOP DE CHARTRES. AGNES SOREL retires to the rear. Enter MINSTRELS, and with them DUNOIS, d'ALENÇON, DE CHARTRES, LA HIRE, ladies, courtiers, etc. The JESTER lies at the foot of the throne. The MINSTRELS kneel before the KING and kiss his hand.*

## KING

Thrice welcome, friends! Dear, noble bards,—  
 your strains,  
 Shall wake our soul to all that's great and good;  
 Your song shall stir our dearest heart and find  
 Sweet echo there.—We burn to hear.—Begin.

## MINSTRELS

[*One strikes an accompaniment on a harp or lute or guitarre, the other recites*],

*We sing to thee, most gentle king,  
 And Roland is our theme;  
 And once again his horn shall ring,  
 And France with valor teem.*

*Knight Roland fought the Turk in Spain,  
His sword cut deep and wide;  
They counted hundred thousand slain  
And crushed the Moorish pride.*

*And when the army homeward came,  
Knight Roland in the rear;  
The mountains echoed back his fame,  
All France was filled with cheer.*

*But in the vale of Ronceval,  
The Turk lay in his lair;  
They rose around in phalanx'd wall  
Knight Roland to ensnare.*

*Knight Roland, with twelve Paladins,  
They braved that countless horde;  
Too late the Turk bethought his sins,  
His head rolled 'neath the sword.*

*They fought from dawn till fall of night,  
They fought beneath the moon,  
The knights to Roland's left and right,  
In death were seen to swoon.*

*Alone he fought at break of morn,  
His wounds were fell and fierce;  
With last of breath he wound his horn,  
Then death his heart did pierce.*

*The king and army heard that blast,  
Though fifty miles away;  
They turned and came in fury fast,  
And wreaked his death that day.*

*That day when Roland's horn did call,  
From fifty miles away;  
Mohammed's crescent came to fall,  
And ended Moorish sway.*

*Again Knight Roland's horn shall ring,  
And call to bloody fray;  
And France shall rouse around her king,  
And break proud England's sway.*

*[Applause and acclamations.]*

KING

Bravo! Well done. Bring on some entertainment.

Your song has struck a holy fire, which burns  
As on an altar and with strongest vow,

That's known in heaven, we do dedicate  
Ourselves once more to France.

[*Wine is brought on.*]

D'ALENÇON

A brave chant.

DUNOIS

True, my sheathèd sword leaped up.

LA HIRE

The stones would rouse and leap at it.

JESTER

And still

Our hands are palsied?

LA HIRE

Mine ache bad to grip  
With English throats and throttle them.

KING

A pledge, my friends!  
To France, restored in pristine might and glory!

[*All applaud.—A flourish of trumpets.—*

*The page announces* "PRINCESS YOLANTHE"!]  
—[*She enters with* BERTRAND DE POULEGNY.

## PRINCESS YOLANTHE

My royal Sire; most noble Lords;—I come  
 With message strange and wonderful alike.  
 A shepherd maid arrived from Domremy  
 Who claims she has direct command from God  
 To marshal France to war.

[*All laugh.*]

She asks to see  
 The king;—for him she has a secret word  
 That greatly shall rejoice him; and his troops  
 She then will lead and raise the English siege  
 At Orleans; that done, to Rheims the king  
 Shall go to have his coronation there.  
 I must confess, her speech me much amazed.  
 She speaks with power beyond her years and  
                   learning.  
 This knight can tell you more.

## BERTRAND

My royal liege,  
 I was enlisted by this shepherd-maid,  
 And brought her on from Vaucouleurs, quite  
                   much  
 Against my mind and liking; how it came  
 I know not, but an unseen force took me

In thrall.—Our band has marched through  
lands beset

With foes, as thick as flies are found on carrion;  
And never once that girl shrank back or  
faltered;

But led the way, unseen, untrod before;  
Through dangers where the daring'st rogue  
would fail.

The foe waylaid us oft;—we charged,—this  
girl

In front,—and though we were outnumbered  
far,

We routed them and 'scaped without a loss.

I'm bound in wonder;—and for wonder's sake,  
I beg you, royal Sire, give leave, she come,  
And here unfold her message to your hearing.

KING

'Tis strange, indeed 'tis wondrous strange.  
And I

Am grown most fondly curious.

LA TREMOUILLE

Nonsense! Bosh!

Some beggar's hoax; some tale, to which a fool  
May list and give it credence.

JESTER

Learnèd sir,  
What ne'er your wisest wisdom found, for fools  
Came ever easy:

KING

What's your meaning, fool?

JESTER

Plain honesty,—like faith in fairy tales.

MINSTREL

My sov'reign liege,—permit me just a word.  
In days of yore old Master Merlin sang:  
That France, sometime by woman wrecked,  
would find

A maid its glory to restore;—pray God  
Fulfilment now is knocking at our door.

[*Signs of assent all around.*]

KING

Again we leave the bard determine us;  
We'll see this maid and hear her story told.

YOLANTHE

Our thanks, good king, we go to fetch her  
straight.

[*Exit with de Poulegny.*]



LA TREMOUILLE

[to DE CHARTRES]

This folly must be stopped. The king will fall  
An easy dupe, and then my power is nought.

DE CHARTRES

Don't fear, I'll grill the girl and prove her false.

JESTER

Most noble lords, and cousin king,—a word:—  
If this fair maid is sent by God,—and I  
In my fool mind,—incline to think she is,—  
Then ought she know our Sire, the king, so  
well,—  
Though never seen,—to pick him, without fail,  
From out ten thousand—Ergo,—make the test.

KING

Belike this wisdom of a fool shall trap  
A peasant shepherd-maid.

JESTER

Yes, Sire, to trap  
A king I'd use but plain and simple folly.

KING

I'll have you whipped for that.

## JESTER

The whipping may  
Come later.—But some lord let take your  
throne,  
And sit in semblance of the king; whilst you  
With easy gait commingle with the crowd.

## THE LORDS

A likely ruse! A foxy plan! Good thought!

## KING

I think the Duke d'Alençon should present  
The king.—So when the maid's announced,  
My lord, you'll take the throne, and I'll be  
found  
A fellow 'mongst my courtiers,—and we'll have  
Some sport.

[*Trumpets. Page calls*]

“An embassy from Orleans!”

[*They come on without delay, the MAYOR  
and BURGHERS. They prostrate them-  
selves before the KING.*]

## MAYOR

Good lord and king,—as deep as to your feet  
Lays Orleans her face, to wail in woe,

And plead with anguished cry for succor and  
 Relief. The foe has hemmed us in with walls  
 Of bristling steel, their burning arrows fall  
 Like hail-stones in our streets. Nor wife, nor  
       child,

Dare step outside the door. And our defense  
 Has shrunk to bare a handful men through  
       wounds,

Disease and hunger. Gaunt starvation prowls  
 From hovel to the mansion's gates; nor spares  
 The suckling at the mother's breast, and lays  
 The stalwart low and saps his marrowed bones;  
 And death steals in by night and gluts himself  
 In gloom.—We'll hold the city, yes, we'll die  
 Ere we capitulate; and Orleans  
 Shall be an empire of the dead, before  
 The English shall possess it. But, good Sire,  
 Be moved to pity our distress, and grant  
 Us our petition for relief.

KING

[*In frenzy rushes to and fro*]

O God!

This is your vengeance for my many sins.

DE CHARTRES

Chastise the people, spare the king, O Lord.

JESTER

And double chastisement for ev'ry sleek  
And unctious hypocrite.

KING

My mother's crimes  
Demand this holocaust.

AGNES

Be calm, my king,  
Don't take it so to heart.

KING

My crown's ill-got,  
I'm base-born,—not of royal blood,—the brand  
Of sin has fixed its stigma on my brow.

AGNES

O steel your nerves and play the man,—be  
calm!  
Be kingly,—be yourself,—come, take your  
throne.

*[She leads him to the throne.]*

LA HIRE

Why rot we here in idleness?

DUNOIS

Good Lord,

We need man-power.

D'ALENÇON

Money, too, and arms.

LA HIRE

Yes, hirelings must be paid to fight.

D'ALENÇON

No hope

That I can see.

LA HIRE

God's death, but something must  
Be done.

[LA TREMOUILLE, *with cynical smile,*  
*looks on from his desk, playing with his*  
*mortgage.*

KING

Dear burghers, your distress affects  
Us deeply,—but, alas! we have no help,—  
We know no hope; can give no aid.

## BURGHERS

No aid!—

Not even hope!—

We're lost!—

Our doom is sealed!—

[*The trumpet sounds. The page calls:*]

The shepherd-maid of Domremy!

## AGNES

[*leads king amongst the crowd*]

Sire, come!

## JESTER

d'Alençon,—on the throne,—and pose the king.

[*Enter JEANNE D'ARC, with PRINCESS YOLANTHE, DE POULEGNY, LOUIS DE CONTE, PIERRE D'ARC.*]

[*She stands a little while studying d'ALENÇON on the throne with wistful mien. Then slowly she turns and looks over the crowd. She spies the KING, rushes toward him, and with arms outspread she falls on her knees.*]

## JEANNE

God of his grace give you long life, O dear,  
And gentle Dauphin!

KING

But, child,—you do mistake,—there is the  
king.

JEANNE

No,—good Sire,—you are he,—there is none  
other.

DUNOIS

She was not guessing.

JESTER

No, she knew!

AGNES

How sweet

She is;—how beautiful!

LA TREMOUILLE

A cheat? or—mad?

[DE CHARTRES *shrugs his shoulders.*]

LA HIRE

God's shadow, that face is no devil's mask.

D'ALENÇON

If eyes can angels see, we're seeing one.

## JEANNE

Good Dauphin, deign to hear me:—I am  
Jeanne,

A shepherdess from Domremy; a girl,  
Unschool'd; who never left her village, nay,  
Her father's house till now. But here I came  
At God's command. My liege, our France,  
which God

Has ever loved since Clovis was anointed;  
Since Charlemagne took the crown as liege-  
man of

The Pope; and Louis reigned in holiness;—  
Beloved France to God the mighty King of  
heaven,

Once more shalt thou, O Prince, give o'er;  
That God here rule and reign sole Sov'reign,  
till

Thyself at Rheims be crowned the rightful king.  
For such is God's command, which I am sent  
To say to thee. And further,—thou shalt give  
Me men-at-arms to march on Orleans,  
To raise the siege and break the English pow'r.  
Good Dauphin, I have said;—'tis God's com-  
mand.

[*The KING in deep and troubled thought  
takes the throne.*]



DE CHARTRES

[*approaches*]

How do you know that such is God's command?

JEANNE

My "Voices" told me and my Saints.

DE CHARTRES

And who  
Are they, your voices and your saints?

JEANNE

There came  
St. Michael first and touched me with his  
sword,  
And told me all, that I have said; and then  
More angels came, than trees are in the woods,  
And brighter far than any mid-day sun;  
They sang so sweet I almost died for joy.  
My Saints, who often came to comfort me,  
Are dear Sts. Catherine and Margaret.

DE CHARTRES

But, child, if we should give belief to these  
Most wondrous words, you ought to give some  
sign—

JEANNE

[*waxing warm*]

I did not come here to give signs. Send me  
To Orleans and there you'll see such signs,  
As will astound the world.

LA HIRE

Well said, my chick!

JESTER

The boy-Christ in the temple 'mongst the  
scribes.

DE CHARTRES

But if God wills the English should quit France  
He is all-powerful;—what then the need  
For men-at-arms.

JEANNE

In God's name,—men we need  
To fight the battles; God's the victory!

LA HIRE

May God do by La Hire, as he would want  
La Hire to do by Him, were He La Hire  
And were La Hire God,—I am for this girl!

DUNOIS

I'll stake my life she comes from God.

D'ALENÇON

And I.

JESTER

The army's won ;—what says our cousin king?

LA TREMOUILLE

I council prudence, Sire, we must wait.

JEANNE

Wait?

For what?

LA TREMOUILLE

The state should first deliberate.

JEANNE

The state? There is no state. So shrunk is  
France

A constable can manage her affairs.

LA HIRE

By God, she's right.

JESTER

Prime-ministers are less  
In need than Jesters now.

JEANNE

One word, good Dauphin,  
For your secret ear.

*[She goes up to the throne, and with arms  
crossed over her bosom she whispers a  
word to the KING.]*

KING

*[his face lit up with gladness]*

God be thanked!—O Maid  
You're sent by Him! This secret I had locked  
Within my heart and God did hold the key.  
Your knowing it, your solving of my doubts,  
Gives surety to my mind, and whole in faith  
I give into your hands myself and France.  
The king, his court, his vassal-knights, his serfs,  
Are yours to marshal and command.

AGNES

Thank God!

LA HIRE

Lead on, O Maid, in life and death, where you  
Shall be, there also be La Hire.

BURGHERS

We're saved!

D'ALENÇON

My sword is at your service.

*[He draws his sword and presents before*

JEANNE.

DUNOIS

Yours to command.

JESTER

The last am I;—I'll last you to the end.

*[The banner is brought. The KING presents it to* JEANNE.

KING

For France and victory!

ALL

Lead on—for France

And victory!

JEANNE

'Tis God's command!

*[Curtain]*











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### III. EPISODE

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SCENE: *A field outside the city walls of Orleans. To the left JEANNE's tent.—Her banner is planted before it. In the rear to the right an altar at which a priest is giving the blessing, for the close of Mass.—The army is kneeling about.—JEANNE is in the center, kneeling in devout attitude. When Mass is over the priest goes off to the right.*

JEANNE

[*addressing the army*]

Companions-in-arms: France is God's kingdom;

You, then, are soldiers of the Lord of Hosts.  
You cannot serve the Liege-lord of heaven,  
Wearing chains from the forges blown in hell;  
Strike off those chains, ere facing death to-day.  
Let all in sin seek shrift and housling now.

God's cause is holy; they who fight therein  
 Must likewise holy be. Then stamp them out,  
 Those rankest weeds of sin: blaspheming God,  
 All roist'rings, raids and rapine. Yesterday  
 I found a woman at your tents, who was  
 No kind of kin, nor mother, sister, wife,  
 To any man in camp. I drove her out  
 At point of sword, and want to see her likes  
 Among you never-more.—You are dismissed.  
 Each man to his post:—march!—

[*Soldiers off.*]

Louis de Conte!

Here, write as I dictate.

[*JEANNE seats herself on a camp-chair.*

*LOUIS DE CONTE writes his paper on the  
 head of a drum.*

DE CONTE

I am ready.

JEANNE

[*dictates*]

Ye soldiers bearing England's arms in France,  
 On conquest bound,—the Maid, whom God  
     has sent  
 To rid all France of your most hateful yoke;

This Maid bids you give up the keys of all  
Good towns you seized and captive hold in  
France.

If you give over and depart in peace  
You shall be left to go in peace. If you  
Refuse what in God's name the Maid demands,  
You shall receive great hurt, because God's arm  
Will blast you. Willing or no, you must leave  
These lands; 'tis God's command.

(Signed) JEANNE, THE MAID.

Where shall I place my mark for signature?

DE CONTE

Here.

[JEANNE *takes pen and makes her mark.*]

JEANNE

[*calls*]

Pierre, fetch me an arrow.

[*Fastens the script to the arrow*]

Now

Shoot it into yonder English fortress.

[*Pierre off.*]

What answer will it bring? Pray God, they  
march

Away in peace, and further bloodshed end.

[*Drums beat. Soldiers march across stage.*—DUNOIS brings in JACQUES COEUR.

DUNOIS

Here, gentle Captain, I present Jacques Coeur,  
A good and gallant blade, who brings a force  
Of hundred lances to our banners.

JEANNE

Good!

I welcome Jacques Coeur in the name of God.

JACQUES

Thanks, fairest Captain; I am proud to be  
Your servant and I bring good news. All  
France

Is arming and will soon be streaming in  
By thousands to enlarge your muster-roll.

JEANNE

Our cause is God's and hence it cannot fail.

[*The soldiers lead on a man with hands bound.*

JEANNE

Halt, there! Why is that man in bonds?

JACQUES

He is

A deserter. He left without leave to ;  
Ran off, because, he said, his wife was sick.

JEANNE

What is to be his fate?

JACQUES

He must swing for't.

DUNOIS

Deserters must be hanged, as reads the law.

JACQUES

Along the march we could not stop to do't,  
And since the job could wait,—no hurry  
for't,—  
Besides, we got him back only last night.

JEANNE

How did you get him back?

JACQUES

Oh, he came trotting into camp last night ;  
Quite winded, said, he'd run so fast to reach—

JEANNE

Came freely,—of his own accord?

JACQUES

Why, yes.

[JEANNE *draws her sword and goes to the prisoner.*

JEANNE

Hold out your hands.

[*She cuts the cords.*]

Why, he is bleeding,—look!  
The ropes have cut his flesh. How cruel! You  
Poor man! Wait, I will bandage them for you.

[DUNOIS *and JACQUES shake their heads.*  
*They plainly do not know what to make*  
*of JEANNE'S action. She takes some*  
*linen from her belongings and ties up*  
*the man's wrists.*

DUNOIS

It is not befitting you should do this.

JEANNE

Why not?

DUNOIS

You are the Captain here, he is  
A criminal.

## JEANNE

I would like service give  
 The meanest creature God has made. And it  
 Remains yet to be seen if this man is  
 A criminal or not.

[*To the prisoner.*]

What did you do?  
 Give me the whole story.

## PRISONER

It was like this:  
 My mother died and my three little ones.  
 The famine did it; the big hunger with  
 Nothing to eat. I buried them. And then  
 My wife gets down. I beg for leave to go  
 To her and they say, no.—To die alone,—  
 With no one to wipe your brow, when the big,  
 Cold sweat rolls down; no one to take your  
     hand  
 When the great, wild, fear presses on your  
     breast;  
 No one to say “Jesus,” when you can speak  
 No more; O Captain, it is bitter hard  
 To die alone. She would have come to me,  
 And should she have to go through hell before,  
 She would have come to me. What could I do  
 But go, and go I did. That’s all.

J E A N N E

But why

Did you come back?

P R I S O N E R

Where should I go, Captain?

They say, they'll hang me.

*[Shrugs his shoulders.]*

Well, I do not care

To live. Why should I?

J E A N N E

Man, there's France to live for.

P R I S O N E R

I'll live for you!

J E A N N E

For France. To serve your God

And France.

P R I S O N E R

I will serve you.

J E A N N E

Look up,—look straight

Into my eyes.—I believe you.—This man

Goes free.



## PRISONER

*[falls on his knees]*

O good, sweet Captain, I will serve  
 You always, you are France and all to me.

## JEANNE

Be at my side when we go into battle.  
 I will have need of you.—Now go.

*[People come on from Orleans, men,  
 women and children, headed by a Friar.  
 Their joyous shouts are heard before  
 they enter.]*

They sing:—

*Noël! The Maid!  
 Whose ship came in,  
 Each brimming bin  
 Brought meat and bread,  
 And then she said:  
 Noël! The Maid!  
 The poor come first,  
 Their need is worst,  
 So let them eat  
 Their fill of meat.  
 Noël! The Maid!*

## FRIAR

Blessed Maid of God,—the poor could be re-  
strained

No longer; come they must to thank you here.  
They had to eat, a warming, bounteous fill;  
And from satiety, which they were long  
Unused to feel, welled up a joy; and topped  
The brim of their much-curbed contentment,  
and

So great is its exuberance, as deep  
As was their want and their despair before.  
They must come out, good Maid, to thank  
you here!

*[The people try to press in close on  
JEANNE. They fall down to kiss her  
hands and feet. Mothers hold up their  
babes to her, etc.]*

## PEOPLE

The Maid!

God love her!

Just a girl!

But fine!

How good to look at!

Now we're saved!

Thank God!

My bairns were almost starved.

O blessèd sight!

Thank God that I've got eyes to see that face!

JEANNE

[*tries to ward them off.*]

Good people, do desist, I cannot,—no  
I must forbid you to go on so,—stop!  
Please, hear me,—do!—Thank God! to Him  
All praise is due, and I am but the tool,  
He deigns to use, unfit, unworthy though  
I be, to do His pleasure; and I beg:—  
Go you to church and pray for this day's out-  
come.

Before the sun goes down to-night, you'll see  
The English turn their backs on Orleans;  
Their faces you will never meet again.

[*They burst out in loud hurrahs!*]

JEANNE

[*gathers the children*]

Well, little darlings, did you have enough  
To eat? —And goodies, too?—Yes?—I'm so  
glad!

I'd like to play and romp with you, but I  
Cannot. My dress of steel is awful stiff



ENVOY

Where is this brazen wench of France?

[LA HIRE, DUNOIS, JACQUES COEUR, *all*  
*fly up in fury.*

JEANNE

Be calm!

ENVOY

Ah!—Well, well!—Bonny Maid,—I swear, I'd  
stoop

To kiss your pretty shoon,—were't not that I  
Get dreadful flutt'rings of the heart;—my  
fault,—

Of course,—sure. Well, Lord Talbot would  
insist

That I should go, however much I did  
Protest, my well-bred nostrils,—ah!—my  
fault!—

Would take offense at smelling sheep-dung;  
which

I did aver would be the aura, sure,  
Circumambient of your Majesty.

LA HIRE

You cur, I'll have your foppish head for that.

## ENVOY

Lord Talbot,—little shepherd-girl,—is much  
 Concerned; this playing war might be too rude  
 A game for you; might crumple up your lace;  
 Might tousle of your hair and muss your sweet  
 Complexion. And Lord Talbot does beseech,  
 Implore, with grave entreaty of a father,  
 You would go home again to tend your sheep.  
 Or else he'll come and with a stick will give  
 You such a drubbing.—Oh,—I beg, do not  
 Provoke him to it—

## JEANNE

You have said enough.  
 Your insults to myself I bear with calm.  
 The cause is God's and Him you shall not give  
 Affront.—You soldiers bear him safely back  
 In haste. And tell Lord Talbot from the  
 Maid:—

The choice was his; he chose more war; and  
 war

We bring on him this very hour.—Be gone!

[*Exit soldiers with envoy.*]

Sound the alarm!—Prepare for action straight!

[*The trumpets sound, drums beat, soldiers  
 march on.*]

LA HIRE

[*unrolls a map*]

What is your plan of battle, Captain?

JEANNE

[*points out on the map*]

We storm the Boulevard; drive them across  
The river and proceed on La Tourelle.

DUNOIS

Impossible!

LA HIRE

Sure death, Captain!

JACQUES COEUR

I must

Oppose you, Captain, it cannot be done.

LA HIRE

They will smash us flat as pancakes.

DUNOIS

'Tis true.

JEANNE

In God's name, this way we must go. There is  
No other, generals. Your wisdom, sirs,

No doubt is great and tried; well meant your  
counsel;

But, sirs, my Lord, who thus points out our  
way,

Is wiser far, and dearer to his heart

Is our success. Then this way we must go.

There is no other.—It is God's command.

#### GENERALS

[*salute*]

We shall obey.—

[JEANNE *puts on her helmet, takes her  
banner in hand and stands on a slight  
elevation.*

#### JEANNE

Ye soldiers of France!

For God we go to battle.—Victory

Is promised us, We cannot fail. Your souls

Commend to God. If He is for us, who

Can stand against us.

[*To a Friar*]

Holy Father, give

The blessing.

[*All kneel.*]



## FRIAR

May the God of hosts, who was  
 With Israel at Jericho; who smote  
 The Philistine through Gideon and David,  
 Lend you His shield and His great arm to-day!

## JEANNE

Now on,—for France, for freedom and for God!  
*[Trumpets blare, drums beat, the army  
 gives a shout and with a clash of swords  
 they rush off, JEANNE at the head.*  
*[EDMOND AUBREY slinks on from the rear.]*

## EDMOND

They're gone.—Just let them fight,—I'll guard  
 the camp.—  
 I am a soldier,—sure!—but fight,—excuse me!  
 It goes against my grain. I feel it most  
 In the stomach;—just mention fight, and then  
 The queerest feeling strikes me,—can't ex-  
 plain it.  
 And I don't like the feeling,—but I like  
 Fighting less;—so, there you have it.—Well,  
 I am my father's only son, if I  
 Should die,—no, I won't die, if I just stay  
 Away from fighting. I didn't want to go  
 A-fighting, but they said, I ought to go

To make a name of glory for the town.  
 But glory doesn't amount to much, when you  
 Are dead. So I'll take care to live.

[*Some towns-people come on*]

Hey, there;  
 What do you want, come snooping around here?  
 Be off, you scum, or else you'll feel my blade  
 A-tickling your ribs.

CITIZENS

Pray, good soldier, how  
 Goes the battle?

EDMOND

How goes it?—Fine. We'll have  
 The English running in a moment and  
 The dust of them will make it night for a  
 Whole week and all you've got to do is sleep  
 And sleep.—

[*He yawns.*]

CITIZEN

Good soldier, did you see the Maid?

EDMOND

See her? Why, I grew up with her,—neighbors,  
 Lived right next door,—instructed her; why  
 what

She knows 'bout sword-play, she learnt all  
from me.

And strategy?—why, I make all the plans  
Of battle. I'm the brains behind it all.

CITIZEN

But why are you not on the battle-field?

EDMOND

You numbskull, I'm too precious. I stay here  
And supervise the doings on the field.

FIRST SOLDIER

*[runs on in panic]*

Run for your lives, the English, the English!

SECOND SOLDIER

Fly!

The Maid has fallen, she is dead!

THIRD SOLDIER

We are

Undone! They'll murder us all!

*[Two soldiers carry JEANNE in on a  
stretcher. She is wounded by an arrow,  
which protrudes from a wound between  
neck and shoulder. JEANNE is weeping.]*

*They lay her down before her tent.  
DUNOIS and JACQUES COEUR follow  
after.*

JACQUES COEUR

She's crying, look!

DUNOIS

Poor thing, she's just a girl.

JACQUES COEUR

What shall we do?

DUNOIS

Pluck out the arrow?

JACQUES COEUR

I don't dare.

DUNOIS

Nor I.

JACQUES COEUR

She would not let us touch her.

PIERRE

*[Comes running on]*

O sister, sister,—are you badly hurt?

*[He raises her in his arms.]*

DE CONTE

The rout is complete. The whole army is  
Demoralized and falling back.

LA HIRE

I said it,—death! Her plan was death!  
[*Soldiers come on in disorder.*]

SOLDIERS

All's lost!

JEANNE

[*rises briskly, her wound is forgotten.*]

No, nothing's lost! You generals lack trust.  
You fought half-heartedly. I fear nothing  
Except treachery. On, again! The day  
Is ours, if only you have trust in God.  
Why do you not believe me? God is with us;  
We cannot fail. A second dash. Come on!  
This time no halt till La Tourelle is reached.  
Pierre, you watch, and when my banner's fringe  
Shall touch the walls of yonder battlements,  
Then sound the trumpets loud for victory.

[*She pulls the arrow from her wound.*]

This is not blood that dyes my flesh with  
crimson,

'Tis glory, men, and for like glory,—on,  
 And on again! I lead,—you follow me!  
*[With a wild cheer all dash off after JEANNE.]*

PIERRE

O my brave little sister, take me along.  
 Must I remain behind and have no part  
 In this day's glory! This great day, which shall  
 Be chronicled in letters bright as gold;  
 And blessed by thankful lips, in accents loud  
 With praise, and awed by worship, day on day,  
 And year on year, for centuries to come.

*[Citizens of Orleans come on.]*

Ye citizens of Orleans,—go home;  
 Festoon your houses, hang your banners out;  
 Pile bonfires to your house-tops high;—this  
                   night  
 Shall gladness sweep in triumph through your  
                   town  
 And make each heart leap up with life re-  
                   newed,  
 For freedom's won to-day, for you and France.

*[Looks out on to the battle-field.]*

See, how they fight;—on—on—and on again,  
 The banner's still ahead! How proud it waves,  
 It flutters in the wind, it blazes in

The sun, a vision beckoning to glory.

The English, ha!—go down, like those three  
guards

That watched the tomb of Christ on Easter  
morn.

Ha! What was that?—A mighty rock was  
hurled

Down from the walls. I thought it struck our  
Jeanne.

It did!—The banner falters,—falls,—O God!

It cannot be!—No, no! The banner's up!

The arrows fall about her like the rain,

In summer showers.—Up they go! O see,

The English turn,—they fly in panic!—There!

Her banner's next the wall,—it strikes,—it  
strikes;

The trumpets! Sound your trumpets! Ring  
your bells!

Cry victory! Hurrah!

PEOPLE

[*shout*]

Victory! Hurrah!

[*The trumpets blare, church-bells ring.*

*Soldiers come on, blood-splashed,  
wounded, heads tied up, limping, lean-  
ing on others, but all are jubilant and*

*cry victory. JEANNE comes with sword drawn and banner in hand. GENERALS are with her.*

JEANNE

We do not want their death. Their backs are turned;

They fly, and Orleans is freed; so let  
The slaughter end.—Dear friends, the siege is raised,

Go freely out and view the battle-ground.  
Tend all the wounded, be they friend or foe.  
But first we march to church and give to God  
Our thanks; for His strong arm gave victory.  
To Him we owe our blessèd liberty,  
Which floods into our soul, like heaven's breath,  
Renewing all the springs of life. To God  
Then let us give our praise. Onward to church!

[*Populace and soldiers intone a Te Deum.*]

*Lord, our God, who reigns in might,  
Thine all praise and Thine all glory;  
Worlds above enthroned in light;  
Age to age shall tell the story,  
Earth and heaven loud proclaim:  
Great and wondrous is Thy Name.*

[*Curtain*]





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## IV. EPISODE

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SCENE: *A street in Rheims. The day of the Coronation. People are hanging out flags and are decorating their homes. On the left to the fore a house-door with two steps leading to it.*

FIRST CITIZEN

*[coming on, to a woman decorating her window in the second floor]*

Ah, Madame, why at home?—they need you at  
The crowning in the dome.

MADAME

Indeed, and there  
I wanted to be,—but—such crowds!—I'm sure  
Rheims never saw the likes of them before.

FIRST CITIZEN

Nor will hereafter.

MADAME

And, God knows, they hail  
 From ev'ry nook and nest in France. All night  
 They clattered by as if an endless rain  
 Were pouring down. This morning four o'clock  
 I went to church. Thinks I, I'll get a place  
 Betimes. And would you think it,—all was  
                                 filled,  
 And crowds on crowds outside.

FIRST CITIZEN

                                You'll have them pass  
 Your house, and that's some comfort.

MADAME

  Yes, I'll get  
 A look at them, as much as eyes can hold.  
                   *[Soldiers pass across, swaggering to their  
                                 song:]*

*Warriors that won you the freedom of France,  
 Boldly we shattered the tyrant's advance;  
 Fortress and towers and arrows like rain,  
 Onward we battered though hundreds were  
                                 slain,  
 Onward and on again rang the command,  
 England must down and get out of our land.*

FIRST CITIZEN

A rollicking song.

SECOND CITIZEN

Yes, the voice of France  
Is tuned once more for songs of gladness.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ah!

That's splendid, Madame! Fine! Your flags  
and things  
Will make them break their ranks in the  
parade.

They'll stop and stare to see your hangings out,  
Spellbound, they'll want to go no farther.

MADAME

And if they are as clumsy with their feet  
As you are with your tongue, you'll see a grand  
And pretty mix-up.

[*Girls come on, carrying flowers and  
singing:*

*Flowers we bring,  
Ev'ry sweet thing.  
Nothing so fair  
As the sheen of her hair  
When the sunlight caresses  
Her brown, golden tresses.*

\* \* \*

*Shimmering dew,  
 Lovelit and blue,  
 Deep is her eye  
 As the star-spangled sky  
 And dark as the roses  
 Where moonlight reposes.*

\* \* \*

FIRST CITIZEN

Flower-maids, who deck  
 The pathway of the king.

SECOND CITIZEN

I fear, he'll find  
 Some thorns and not a few along his way.

OLD MAN

*[led by a girl]*

Good friends, do tell, will the new king go by  
 This way, fresh from his crowning?

SECOND CITIZEN

Right here they pass. Yes, good man,

JESTER

*[blowing a horn-pipe and dancing. All the  
 children follow after. He directs them as  
 they shout]:*

Come on, you little rats!

CHILDREN CHANT

*We sing the sweet and gentle Maid,  
Who went to battle unafraid;  
She went like David to the fight,  
For God, for France and for the right;  
She struck Goliath on the head,  
The giant reeled and groaned and said:  
I'm done for, I must pack my hide  
And go back home, and then he died.*

*Goliath's dead,  
With broken head,  
And free is France,  
So let us dance  
And make parade  
For Jeanne, the Maid. Hurrah!*

*[Jester pipes away and they follow after.]*

FIRST CITIZEN

The youngsters! By my soul, if I don't feel  
Like running with them.

GIRL

When will the parade  
Come by?

FIRST CITIZEN

It takes them long to crown a king.

SECOND CITIZEN

Five hours, they say, with all the chantings,  
prayers

And things.

OLD MAN

Yes, being born and dying are  
Just simple things, but making kings from  
fabric

Like mortal clay takes more to do.

GIRL

I wish

They'd hurry, I'm so tired of waiting.

OLD MAN

Girl,

It is a sight well waiting for, to see

A king come from his crowning, and God  
knows

I've waited long to see this blessed day.

Praise God we have a king, and France once  
more

Can lift her head and call herself a nation.

A land that lacks its king is like an arch,

Wherefrom the keystone was removed. It needs

Must crumble each day more. To-day was  
placed

That sealing stone into our shattered arch,  
 That braces all the fabric of our state.  
 We have a king, anointed with the oil  
 Of St. Remi; who wears the self-same crown  
 The Pope once placed on Charlemagne's brow.

A king

Whose sceptered rule shall blessings waft  
 throughout

The land; whose sword shall make the lawless  
 fear;

Whose voice shall thunder with the might of  
 Sinai,

Proclaiming order and the law; for kings  
 Are placed vice-gerents of our God.

GIRL

And will

We get to see the Maid?

FIRST CITIZEN

Of course, we will.

She'll march beside the king.

OLD MAN

The blessèd Maid!

The savior of our France! The happy tears  
 Will flood my eyes and blur my sight of her.  
 God sent her, as He sent three warriors once

From heaven down to blast the heathen host  
Of Heliodore around Jerusalem.

They say, the English fell as though she hurled  
The lightning from her hand. Beside her rode  
St. Michael, he that erstwhile threw in hell  
Rebellious Lucifer.

[EDMOND AUBREY *and* NOËL RAINGUESSON  
*come on.*

EDMOND

The doings will  
Be over soon.

GIRL

Pray, were you in the dome?  
And did you see it all?

EDMOND

Were we in church?  
Should say we were,—right up in front,—  
first row.

GIRL

O tell us all about it.

EDMOND

No,—I couldn't;  
Whole volumes could not tell it all,—it was  
So grand.—But did you see the king get scared  
To take the crown?



NOËL

I did.—The people all  
Sucked in their breaths, as though an English  
sword  
Were stuck into their backs.

EDMOND

By God, it was  
A trying moment. Here the great Archbishop  
Came solemn, as could be, and brought the  
crown.

The king put out his hand and laid his fingers  
On it. Then stopped and shook,—and did  
you see

Him shake, as if a sudden ague seized him?  
His face went white;—then like one puzzled he  
Looked round, and saw the Maid stand fine  
and firm

Beside his throne, her banner in her hand,  
Her face a-light with heaven's glory.—Then  
The king smiled,—braced himself and took the  
crown

With both his hands and placed it on his head.  
There was no sound till then,—but now it  
broke,

Ten thousand voices gave one shout, and shook  
That dome with “Long live our king! Hurrah!

CITIZENS

Hurrah! The king is crowned!

OLD MAN

Glory to God!

[*Meanwhile FATHER and MOTHER d'ARC  
have come on.*]

MOTHER d'ARC

O Father, I am tired. Let us rest here.

FATHER d'ARC

Let's sit down on this door-step.

[*Sees NOËL and EDMOND.*]

Who is that?

NOËL

Well, Jacques d'Arc, and Mother d'Arc, too!

Well, well!

EDMOND

Hello! Come all the way from Domremy.

NOËL

This is a great day for our Jeanne.

MOTHER d'ARC

Do you think she will see us here amongst  
The crowd?

FATHER D'ARC

Yes, I have something that will catch  
Her ear.

*[He produces a string of sheep-bells.]*

I'll tinkle them and she will hear.

NOËL

I'm glad we met you. We'll help you shout.

EDMOND

When I tear loose she's bound to hear.

CITIZENS

Those are

The parents of the Maid.

They look real plain.

Poor, too!

Who'd think it was their daughter!

*[Trumpets sound.]*

Hurrah, hurrah! They're coming.

*[Jester comes on blowing his horn-pipe  
and children after, shouting their verses  
as before. Drummers, soldiers, singing  
their chorus. Then Friars, priests, bish-  
ops. Then the maids strewing flowers  
and singing as before. Then trum-  
peters. Next JEANNE beside the KING.]*

*A page carries the banner before her. Behind come LA TREMOUILLE, DUNOIS and Generals. People crowd about and shout: "Long live the KING!" "Hail to the MAID! The Savior of France!"—As soon as JEANNE steps on, her father tinkles the bells.*

MOTHER D'ARC

[cries]

Jeannette, Jeannette, your mother!

JEANNE

[sees and rushes into her mother's arms]

Mother, mother, mother!

[She takes her father by the arms and shakes him.

O father, why did you  
Not let me know you were coming!

[He shakes his head in dumb bewilderment. JEANNE takes her parents by the hand and presents them to the KING.

JEANNE

My gracious king, here are my father and  
My mother, come from Domremy to grace  
Your coronation.

## KING

Good people d'Arc, we give you hearty welcome.

Your presence is an honor to your king.  
The throne of France is to your daughter here  
Indebted much, and bows to her in worship  
As she in child-like love and duty bends  
To you. Her service far exceeds our praise,  
And thanks are poor, though royalty confers  
    them.

We value her beyond the meed of men,  
Whose measure deals with paltry sums  
Of gold and silver, far too mean to mention,  
When dealing with the deeds your child performed.

Her worth ennobles us, and to our crown  
Adds lustre like a jewel sent from heaven.  
Nobility of name, which men esteem  
A mark of worth, miscarries oft and brands  
Unworthy ones with doubled meanness. But  
When heaven makes the choice and stamps the  
    soul

With nobleness, then kings can but confirm  
And ratify the seal and signet set by God.  
And since the world discerns in us the right  
To rank as nobles those of worth full shown,

We, here, by our invested right, declare  
 JACQUES D'ARC, his sons and all that bear his  
                   name

Are raised to rank with nobles of our realm.  
 Conferring thus nobility of name  
 On her, our Maid, most noble in herself  
 Down to the very source from which she  
                   sprang.

*[The KING lays his sword across the shoulders of the kneeling JACQUES D'ARC, then raises him up and shakes him by the hand, then raises the mother and kisses her on the cheek. DUNOIS, LA HIRE and D'ALENÇON also shake hands with them.]*

### KING

But, gentle Maid, since our indebtedness  
 And your deserving was our theme, and we  
 Presumed to mention thanks,—will you not  
                   grant

To us the privilege of dealing out  
 To you, like doling thanks in tithes and tittles,  
 Some smallest grace, some fondest favor, you  
 May want and we have power to accord?

JEANNE

My sov'reign liege, your goodness makes me  
halt

And stammer in my speech, like Moses did  
When from the flaming bush Jehovah spoke.—  
Yet one dear wish is tugging at my heart,  
Which by your leave I shall make bold to beg.  
Let Domremy, my natal town,—much loved,  
Where dwell the simplest folk, whose stringent  
toil

Can barely earn the fare of poverty;  
Let Domremy, your poorest town, be free  
From toll and tax, throughout the years to  
come.

KING

Good God! You won a kingdom and you  
crowned

Its king, and in return you ask no more  
Than just this beggar's mite? And it you beg  
Not for yourself, but to relieve the poor.  
'Tis gladly granted.

[*To LA TREMOUILLE*]:

You'll record it straight:—  
From tithe and tax; all levies of the crown  
Shall Domremy be free for aye and ever.

[JEANNE *embraces her parents in a burst of gladness.*

But, dearest Maid, you shame us,—yes, you do.  
 Are we so poor, that having nothing you  
 Could want, you hence disdain to beg of us?  
 Is there no hearted wish, that aims at self,  
 With promise of a joy, long dreamed, long  
                   sought?  
 Some good, which lends a hope, that when  
                   attained,  
 Your soul shall cease to want with new desires?

JEANNE

[*in supreme exaltation, with hands crossed  
                   over her breast*]

There is,—my lord and king;—let me go home!  
 [LA TREMOUILLE *nods his head in assent  
                   and whispers to the KING, who puts  
                   him off.*

To go home is my prayer, night and day;  
 Away from pow'r and pomp most hateful  
                   grown.

The task which God me gave is done. The  
                   siege

Of Orleans was raised; the march on Rheims,  
 To end with crowning you the king is past;



God's whole command fulfilled;—let me go  
home!

Ah, home! What name more dear, what place  
more blessèd;

Home, where my flocks have long gone shep-  
herdless;

Home, where in home-spun clad and sabots  
coarse,

I can be free as breezes heaven-blown;  
Can roam the fields and vie with birds in song.  
My mother,—look!—is old and wants me  
much.

My heart cries oft to lay its fevered beats  
Beside her own and calm me in her love.

#### MOTHER D'ARC

*[falls on her knees, and with arms outstretched  
toward the king, she stammers]:*

“Yes,—Yes,—please!

*[The KING pensively shakes his head in  
refusal.]*

#### KING

It cannot be. We need your service still.  
Belovèd France is hardly half our own;  
You cannot leave the conquest thus unfinished.  
Our armies go asunder wanting you.

The foe will gather doubly strong and hurl  
 His might with vengeance on our land, when  
                   once

They know, they need no longer fear the Maid ;  
 Our throne yet stands unfirm and needs must  
                   lean

On you to be its stay. We must beseech  
 And beg to have you bide with us, our sword,  
 Our staff,—the savior of ourselves and France.

[JEANNE, *with a head-shake, dashes the  
 tears from her eyes, bows to the KING,  
 lifts up her weeping mother and holds  
 her close.*

#### JEANNE

Be patient, mother dear ;—the king commands,  
 He speaks with God's own voice ;— he is my  
                   lord ;

His servant I ;—as such I must obey.

[*Again JEANNE takes her pose with hands  
 across her bosom and looks on high with  
 the mien of exaltation.*

The light is clearing and reveals the things  
 To come. My story ends in pain. My sun  
 Is at its zenith now. The massing clouds  
 Of storm will rise up fast and fierce to furl

My path in darkness and in doom. O God,  
Thy will be done, but when the tempest breaks  
Be with me, Lord!—Dear mother, fare you  
well!

Your Jeanne you'll never see again.

*[She embraces her weeping mother]*

Give me

Your blessing, father!

*[She kneels and JACQUES D'ARC lays both  
hands on her head.]*

Now,—farewell!

*[The KING and LA TREMOUILLE have  
meanwhile had an altercation: JEANNE  
approaches and takes her banner from  
the page:]*

My lord,

Whatever may betide, your servant is  
Prepared, and shall be loyal unto death.

*[The KING signals the procession to pro-  
ceed. The trumpets sound. The march  
is resumed. JEANNE turns and throws  
a kiss to her parents. The populace  
shout: "Long live the KING! Long live  
the MAID!"—]*

*[Curtain]*





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## V. EPISODE

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SCENE: *Hall in the KING's palace. The throne to the right and chairs in semi-circle on either side. A council of war has been summoned.*

LA TREMOUILLE

[*comes on with* DE CHARTRES]

This farce shall end, I tell you,—how, I care not.

DE CHARTRES

Our puppet king is acting almost like  
A man.

LA TREMOUILLE

Leave him to me. I have him still  
In leash. But she,—this girl,—she must be  
squelched.

DE CHARTRES

Yes, she has clipped your prestige down with  
sharp  
And shaming shears.

LA TREMOUILLE

The devil take her,—but  
I'd like to clip her head off.

DE CHARTRES

Be careful,  
The masses worship her.

LA TREMOUILLE

The people are  
A herd of senseless swine.

DE CHARTRES

Their wrath when wild  
Is to be feared.

LA TREMOUILLE

The mob is false, it falls  
Away from worshipped idols fast as leaves  
In autumn woods.

DE CHARTRES

And our Burgundian friends?

LA TREMOUILLE

They are incensed that we have let affairs  
Go on as they have gone. Damnation, but  
This girl may cost me yet my head.

DE CHARTRES

I wonder  
She does not sense your double play.

LA TREMOUILLE

The game  
Is up, if she discovers. She must be  
Removed, and you must do it.

DE CHARTRES

Yes, but how?

LA TREMOUILLE

If we could somehow let her fall into  
Burgundian hands, they'd sell her dearly to  
The English,—and a witch! They'd burn her  
—well,  
Their doings,—none of ours,—sh!—here they  
come.

[*Enter KING and GENERALS LA HIRE,  
DUNOIS, D'ALENÇON, JACQUES COEUR,  
LOUIS FLAVY. The latter, together with*

LA TREMOUILLE *and* DE CHARTRES, *take chairs to the KING's right. The rest sit at his left.*

KING

[*takes the throne*]

What is the business? Why are we convened?

LA TREMOUILLE

Most royal Sire, most brave and noble lords,  
The state with urgency convened you here  
Anent a truce—

LA HIRE

Beg pardon, sir, who wants this truce?

LA TREMOUILLE

Ah, we,—

The state,—that is,—all France.

LA HIRE

You lie!

DUNOIS

All France wants war.

JACQUES COEUR

No stopping now and should we wade through  
blood

Knee-deep. The English must be driven out.



LA TREMOUILLE

But Burgundy!

LA HIRE

No parley can be had

With traitors.

LA TREMOUILLE

Ah, bold words, my lord.

LA HIRE

I'll make

Them good.

LA TREMOUILLE

Negotiations are begun

Already.

LA HIRE

What? God's death!

JACQUES COEUR

Treason!

D'ALENÇON

Be calm!

KING

We have been crowned the king, but it would  
seem

We have no voice in ruling of our kingdom.

LA TREMOUILLE

O Sire, I was most sure your wisdom would  
Approve this action.

DUNOIS

Was the Maid allowed  
A hand in it when this fool-sop was brewed  
For Burgundy?

LA TREMOUILLE

Good sir, the sword of France  
May serve in thralldom to a shepherdess;  
The state, thank God, has not demeaned itself  
So far.

LA HIRE

You'll smirk some more when she finds out.

D'ALENÇON

She will be here, and presently.

LA TREMOUILLE

The Maid?  
Who has presumed to summon her?

D'ALENÇON

Thank me.  
I was that thoughtful and dispatched my page  
To summon her.

LA HIRE

Well done! She ought be here.

KING

We thank you for this service. She shall have  
Our welcome.

LA TREMOUILLE

[to DE CHARTRES]

Bid the devil welcome!

[JEANNE *enters briskly. She bows to the*  
KING, *salutes the GENERALS, and stands*  
*a moment looking scorn and defiance on*  
LA TREMOUILLE *and* DE CHARTRES.  
*They wilt.*

JEANNE

[to the generals]

This is no plot of yours, I know. The wind  
Blows ill from other sides.—To hold a council  
Of war!—Why? In the name of God, where-  
fore?

Is there a doubt what way to choose? What  
course

To follow? No. There is no course, but one  
Before us now,—the march on Paris! He

That doubts in this has either lost his mind,  
Or else his loyalty to France is sham  
And merest pretense.

LA TREMOUILLE

But, good Maid, would it  
Be right to march in arms on Paris, ere  
An answer from the Duke of Burgundy  
Has reached us? You, perhaps, are unaware  
That we are dealing for a fortnight's truce,  
And for the further pledge that he deliver  
The reign of Paris to our king, sparing  
Blow and bloodshed.

JEANNE

You need not have confessed  
That shame, my lord, in public.

LA TREMOUILLE

Shame?

JEANNE

Yes, shame.

I knew of this poor comedy, although  
My knowing it was not intended. But  
The text of this vile travesty; the thought  
Inspiring it are told in two plain words.

LA TREMOUILLE

Indeed? And which are they?

JEANNE

You want to know?

Cowardice and treachery.

LA HIRE

*[stamps his sword on the ground]*

Good!

JACQUES COEUR

She's right.

LA TREMOUILLE

Sire, you must interpose.

KING

You wanted it;

You brought it on yourself.

LA TREMOUILLE

I will accept,

That you are not aware who has devised

This measure you condemn so harshly.

JEANNE

Indeed, I know and all except the dead

Can name the plotters who conspire when  
                   France  
 Shall suffer detriment and shame.

LA TREMOUILLE

Sire,

This is a base insinuation.

JEANNE

No,

It is a charge, which I do hurl on you  
 And your next helper.

LA TREMOUILLE

Your protection, Sire!

This goes too far. I cannot bear this charge.

KING

We cannot clear you of it. She must have  
 Her say.

JEANNE

I will say all I have in mind.  
 You tried to block our movements from the  
                   start.  
 You hindered and held back and caused delays,  
 Which gave the foe a chance to gather strength,

Much bloodshed falls upon your head for it.  
 Had we from Orleans marched onward straight,  
 The towns would have been ours with scarce  
     a blow

And we could be in Paris now. But no,  
 Delays, debates and talks of truce and treaties  
 And then we had to fight for ev'ry inch  
 Of our advance. And now, again? O king,  
 Do be persuaded and command the march  
 On Paris. Do not waste this precious time  
 With idle fears and idler hopes of treaty.

## DE CHARTRES

The much spent army needs a spell of rest.

## JEANNE

Their lust to fight the foe throws out a flame  
 That could the earth envelop and restraint  
 Might smother it; once quenched what hand  
     will stir

The dying glow to issue flames again?  
 My king, you have me now, but not for long.  
 My course will soon be run, my part be played.  
 One scene will then be left, a tragic one;  
 But that I need not now discuss.—The thing  
 In hand is—"march on Paris!" now, at once.

KING

If one could know before, what action's best,  
When done. This doubting wearies me so  
much.

JEANNE

King Harry would not doubt, nor pause to  
ponder:  
He'd hang his traitors and march straight on  
Paris.

LA HIRE

By—my baton!

[LA TREMOUILLE and DE CHARTRES give  
signs of utmost alarm. The KING  
throws out his hands in fear and alarm.

KING

But Burgundy!

JEANNE

The Duke of Burgundy will act on one  
Persuasion,—when the sword is at his throat.

JACQUES COEUR

He'll answer you on that, and honestly,  
But surely on none other.



DE CHARTRES

But we have  
Proposed to treat with him and treat we must.

JEANNE

We shall treat with him.

DE CHARTRES

What! How treat with him?

JEANNE

At the point of the sword!

GENERALS

*[rise and draw]*

Yes, only so!

At the point of the sword!

JEANNE

My king, send us!

It is the heart-cry of the Maid; it is  
Her last appeal to you. Shall France remain  
A serf, a slave, whose soul is not her own,  
Shall English tyrants weld the chains anew  
About her neck, whilst falsest Burgundy  
The bellows blows, when they are being forged?

The chance is now at hand to break their bonds  
Forever and to crush the traitor's head.

O king, France calls ; Paris beckons ; the Maid,  
Your generals implore :—why don't you speak ?

## KING

*[rises, draws his sword, takes it by the blade  
and holds out the hilt to JEANNE]*

The king surrenders to the Maid once more.  
Here, take my sword and carry it to Paris !

## GENERALS

To Paris ! with the sword !

*[All go off.]*

## LA TREMOUILLE

*[detains the KING, who stays unwillingly]*

Sire, a word with you.—My compliments !

Your kingship sits you with the grace of  
Caesar ;—

Divine !—your warlike spirit is the flame  
Of Mars, descended into mortal flesh ;

I marvel at your front,—gigantic !—But,—

Why all this fuss and fuming, Sire ?—And why,  
This angered clash of steel, and martial noise ?

Have you no longer faith in me ? I soon

Will hear from Burgundy and then portents  
Of seeming tragedy dissolve and show—  
A farce,—no more.

[*The KING wilts and utterly subsides.*]

And, Sire, you know, you hate  
This warlike stress; this fury in the blood;  
This rash proceeding, much to madness kin.  
You're made of gentler fibre, softer stuff;  
Your temper waits on reason and dislikes  
These sudden heats, and wild, unmotived riots.

KING

I hate it all,—but what am I to do?

[*He sinks down in abject helplessness and broods. Meanwhile DE CHARTRES has drawn LOUIS FLAVY to the other side and is plying at him.*]

DE CHARTRES

It must be stopped, and you are he to do it.

FLAVY

But how?

DE CHARTRES

France must be saved.

FLAVY

Just show me how.

DE CHARTRES

Remove the Maid.

FLAVY

What do you mean?

DE CHARTRES

Just this:—

What David to Uriah did, do you—  
To her.

KING

What can I do? How can I help myself?

LA TREMOUILLE

Be ruled by me and do—nothing.

KING

Nothing?

LA TREMOUILLE

Yes;—leave the Maid with all her firebrands  
march  
To Paris,—you do nothing.

DE CHARTRES

You have men,—

Your own?

FLAVY

Why, yes.

DE CHARTRES

Then lead her out to where  
The fight is thickest and—

FLAVY

Forsake her? God!

LA TREMOUILLE

They do not need the king for deeds of blood,  
But we,—stay with us, Sire, in comfort's lap  
The darling genius of your court.

DE CHARTRES

A witch!

The devil's dam!

FLAVY

Is't sure?

DE CHARTRES

Let Burgundy  
Have her. They'll make short shrift.

KING

I shall be ruled  
By you.—Come, Flavy,—Your arm.—Sirs,  
good-day!

[FLAVY shakes hands with DE CHARTRES  
in silent understanding. Gives his arm  
to the KING and they go off.]

LA TREMOUILLE

My prancing hobbyhorse obeys my hand  
And tamely walks within my leading strings.

DE CHARTRES

And I have set a trap;—I warrant you  
No devil's trick shall cheat us of our game.

[*They shake hands in congratulation.*]

[*Curtain*]









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## VI. EPISODE

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SCENE: *The prison at Rouen. A Bench in the centre with straw scattered about. In the rear a heavy door leading to JEANNE'S dungeon. Three English soldiers are dicing on the floor.*

FIRST SOLDIER

What is your bet?

SECOND SOLDIER

I'm done for,—cleaned out,—fact!

THIRD SOLDIER

I'll bet the chances of the Maid.

FIRST SOLDIER

To burn?

SECOND SOLDIER

To live!

FIRST SOLDIER

[*shakes dice*]

I win;—she's lost. Poor girl!

SECOND SOLDIER

But say,

These French are sure the devil's breed.

THIRD SOLDIER

Old Nick

Has cause for pride in's off-spring.

FIRST SOLDIER

Yes, they are

More false than hell.

SECOND SOLDIER

A prophetess they called

Her first, who had the holy Saints to play  
with;—

THIRD SOLDIER

There's surely something more than mortal  
grace

About her. I can think of nothing else  
Than holy things, when I just see her.

SECOND SOLDIER

Yes,  
But now they call her witch, who has to do  
With all the fiends, that burn in hell, and brood  
The troubles, plaguing us.

THIRD SOLDIER

And we ourselves  
Are much to blame in that. The great at home,  
The Lords of England, want her burnt. They  
say,  
She's in the way; she's done us harm.

FIRST SOLDIER

And that  
She did, I'll swear. God, how those milk-sop  
French  
Laid on, when she a-horse, with brandished  
sword,  
And waving banner, led them to it. Ha!  
It was a sight the run of years can never  
Wash from my mind. And if they set this town  
And all on fire to burn her for a limb  
Or Satan, never will the heat of it  
Dry up the tears she made old England weep.

SECOND SOLDIER

And sure these French are more to blame  
than we.

It's they that gave her in our hands; it's they  
That sit in trial over her, and want  
By all means, foul or fair, to find a cause  
For putting her to death.

THIRD SOLDIER

'Twas England though  
That hired this bishop, who is after her  
As hot as hounds that chase the leaping deer,  
To make her case deserving of a bonfire.

FIRST SOLDIER

They promised he'd be made an archbishop,  
If he could twist the right in her to look  
Like wrong; and wrong in him to look like  
right  
For killing her.

THIRD SOLDIER

He'll do it, too.

SECOND SOLDIER

Or else  
The devil picked a ninny for his prentice.

THIRD SOLDIER

His name sounds like the word the French  
use for  
A pig, doesn't it?

SECOND SOLDIER

I think the likeness goes  
A few feet deeper, than just in his name.

FIRST SOLDIER

And this French king, God save the mark, for  
whom  
She got the crown;—they say, he shakes like  
jelly  
When mention's made of this girl's name.

SECOND SOLDIER

It's worse,  
He caves in at the stomach and must call  
For liquor when he thinks of her.

THIRD SOLDIER

The worst  
They did, was make her sign that paper, which  
They'd falsified beforehand. She didn't know  
What she was signing.—The poor thing, she had  
No schooling more than I did.

FIRST SOLDIER

Bad business ;—  
Wish I were out of it.

SECOND SOLDIER

Well, shake the bones.  
No,—here they come to quiz and quibble  
'bout her.

[*Enter* CAUCHON, LOYSELEUR, FRIARS,  
CLERKS.

CLERK

This will be session number six.

CAUCHON

And last.  
We've got a verdict that will stand ;—the end  
Will have to come to-day.

LOYSELEUR

Don't fear. I have  
The question to confound her, either way  
She gives the answer. She'll confess herself  
A heretic, or charge her voices as  
The spoutings of the devil.

CAUCHON

[*to soldiers*]

Bring her in.

I'll wash my hands of this affair to-day.

LOYSELEUR

And then—His Grace, the Archbishop!

CAUCHON

No, no!

Don't mention that.

[*JEANNE is brought in. She is in male attire. She sits down on the bench, wearily, and sinks into herself without regarding those present.*]

LOYSELEUR

Good Maid, we pity you,—we do,—and we  
Intend to ask you only one question.

JEANNE

Is it not yet enough? How long will you  
'Torment me?

LOYSELEUR

Only one question,—listen:—  
Pray tell us, are you in the state of grace?

FRIAR

A catchy question!—She is not obliged  
To answer it.

CAUCHON

Be still!—An answer, quick!

JEANNE

If I be not in grace, I pray God make  
Me so; if I be in, God keep me there.

FRIAR

[*rubbing his hands*]

'Tis more than human wisdom speaks from her.

CAUCHON

Miscarried!

LOYSELEUR

Foiled! But let me tenter her  
Once more.—Will you permit the Church to  
pass  
On all your words and deeds, both good and  
bad?

JEANNE

The Church and Christ are one,—then, yes.—  
But you  
Are not the Church.



LOYSELEUR

Does not the bishop here  
Present the Pope? Why have you stubbornly  
Refused to answer him?

JEANNE

Place me before  
The Pope and I will answer him.

FRIAR

Bishop,

She has the right to ask it,—you must send her.

CAUCHON

We know our business.—And you Friars are  
A baggage we might well be rid of.—

[*He goes up to JEANNE*]:

Maid,

I charge you answer me.—You had to do  
With fairies at the Lady-tree?

JEANNE

Of fairies I know nothing. I had “Voices,”  
Which came from God.

CAUCHON

How do you know they came  
From God? Why not from hell?

## JEANNE

How knew the tribes of Israel, that saw  
 The cloud by day, the tow'ring flame by night,  
 Which led through trackless wastes,—'twas  
     God, who went

Before and beckoned on to promised lands?  
 How did they know on Pentecost, the flame  
 That shot like heated arrows through their  
     souls

And made them reckless of all fear, was God,  
 The Holy Ghost? As babes unwaked to know  
 By sense and by discernment, with sureness,  
 Despite protest, cleave to their mother's breast:  
 So sure am I my "Voices" are of God,  
 So fast will I give faith to them.

## CAUCHON

But why

Should you assume a man's attire, which is  
 Unseemly for a maid, and in such dress  
 Approach the table of the Lord? Was that  
 Done, too, by God's command?

## JEANNE

A trifling charge.

What cares God for the outer garb of us?

He searches hearts with hope to find them  
clean.

CAUCHON

Your heart was soiled with pride. You had  
the mobs

To worship you, to fall down at your feet  
And kiss them, which was gross idolatry.

J E A N N E

I did not bid them do it; I reprov'd  
And scolded them; yet they persisted still,  
Because the people loved me. I was glad  
They did, which can't be wrong, for God has  
made

Our hearts to joy in love.

CAUCHON

Enough; enough!

I care not for your answers.

[*Produces a scroll*]

Here's a writ,

Which bears endorsement from your hand,  
wherein

Is told your guiltiness of crimes, that merit  
Death. What have you to answer now?

JEANNE

I did  
Not know what I was signing, and you made  
Me do it. You deceived me, saying it  
Meant freedom. You gave holy promises,  
If only I would sign you'd let me go.

CAUCHON

You promised not to wear man's dress again,  
And here you are attired in that same garb.  
You have relapsed.

JEANNE

You promised me I should  
Have women-folk about me—

CAUCHON

Silence! I  
Have heard enough! I'll hear no more. Again  
You took the garbing censured as a sin;  
Forbidden you with threats of death; and that  
Most plainly indicates an ulcerous  
Infection of the heart, akin to lewdness;  
It tells of habits deeply rooted, so  
That hope to pluck them up must be  
Forsaken, else your promise had you kept.  
The first returning step towards good for them

That strayed from paths of rectitude is this:  
 They must accept the rule of those who speak  
 For God. But you have failed in this, which  
       proves

That you are hardened like the rock where  
       seeds

Of good were sown in vain ; it shows a will  
 Of stubbornness, which is the soul of sin ;  
 It shows rebellion, which from hell is flung  
 Forever in the face of God ; it means  
 Resistance, proud, defiant to the sweet  
 And gentle force of grace and mercy ; means  
 Complete perversion and the dominance  
 Of spirits cast from heaven. Such evidence,  
 That God has cast you off, and Satan holds  
 Your soul enslaved, compels us, though we lean  
 Toward clemency,—in judgment to declare,  
 That you must be removed from midst of men,  
 Whom you infect more deadly than the pest ;  
 Must be torn up with roots from out the land  
 Where else you'd grow and spread as rankest  
       weed

Of poison ;—wherefore, mindful of the health  
 And common good of France and all the world  
 We sentence you to die by execution,  
 Forthwith to be performed.

[Comes forward.—J E A N N E has sat all the while, sunken down in dejection, her head upon her breast.

CAUCHON

[with a heavy sigh]

It's done,—at last!

[to Loyseleur]:

Go,—and prepare the execution,—and  
At once.—To-night I hope to sleep again.

FRIAR

[aside]

I doubt it very much.

[to Cauchon]

You'll let her have  
A priest, to shrive her,—you will let her have  
Her housling?

CAUCHON

Don't annoy me any more!  
I'm through with her. Do as you please.

FRIAR

I'll go

And fetch a priest.

[*to another Friar*]

And you,—will break the news  
To her,—but gently as you can,—I could  
Not do it!  
[*goes off.*]

SECOND FRIAR

[*goes up to JEANNE*]

Jeanne!

JEANNE

You have a message  
For me!—Speak!

SECOND FRIAR

Can you bear it, Jeanne?

JEANNE

Yes,—speak!

SECOND FRIAR

Your are to die.

JEANNE

[*shudders and pauses long*]

When is it to be?

[*A deep bell begins to toll in the distance.*]

SECOND FRIAR

Now.

J E A N N E

So soon? Ah!—It is so soon!

*[She pauses]*

How? what death?

SECOND FRIAR

By fire!

J E A N N E

*[jumps up, writhing her body and winding her arms through her hair]*

I knew it! Ah, I knew it!—Must my body,  
 Always kept undefiled, be now consigned  
 To cruel and devouring flames! I did  
 No hurt to anyone; I spared from pain,  
 Where'er I could, the meanest creature God  
 Has made; I tended even foes of France,  
 When wounded, though they cursed me for it.  
 And now must men treat me so!—Die by fire!  
 By flames, that laugh and crackle in my face,  
 And surge about, and wrap me round, and burn  
 My flesh and bite me to the bone; till I  
 Am dead! O cruel, cruel! Will no one  
 Have pity on my anguish; I am so  
 Afraid!—I did no harm to any man;  
 I meant but good to all.—I call on God  
 To witness I am innocent of all



The wicked things they said against me.  
 Bishop, it is by you I die, and I  
 Will call you for it to the throne of Christ.

[CAUCHON *rushes off in utmost consternation.* JEANNE *sinks on the bench exhausted.* *The tinkle of an altar-bell is heard and the hum of many voices.* *A priest enters carrying the ciborium covered by a veil.* *With him are men and women, with lighted candles.* JEANNE *kneels and the priest blesses her with the ciborium.* *Then he proceeds into the dungeon and JEANNE follows him.* *The people remain kneeling about.*

#### PEOPLE

May God have mercy on her!

Ah, I wish

I had her chances for a high place in heaven!  
 She is a saint!

That makes their sin the blacker  
 Who are burning her.

And the worse our shame  
 For letting them.

What can we do?

The town

Is full of English soldiers.

Ah, but France

Will rue this day.

And England, too.

That bishop!

Just leave him to God.

Be still!

# We must not judge!

I hope the holy Maid

Will pray for me.

If France had prayed more, this  
Would not have happened.

Yes, she dies for us!

She suffers for our sins!

God pity us!

[The priest comes out of the dungeon and leaves. JEANNE steps out of the door, robed in white, her hands folded on her breast, her eyes aloft.]

JEANNE

Praise we the Lord, for He is good ; His mercies  
Shall last from age to age. He is my refuge and  
My hope!—I looked to right of me ; I sought  
At my left, but I found no one who knew,

And none would understand; and then I  
said:—

Thou, Lord, art all my hope and my portion  
In the land of the living; and behold  
The Lord came unto me, down in my prison,  
And did not forsake me in bonds. He will  
Go with me in fires, and in midst of flames  
I shall suffer no hurt. I am ready;  
Now let them come. My fear has vanished.  
I die for God;—for France;—for justice's  
sake!

My cause seems vanquished now; but it shall  
rise

Triumphant seven years hence. I see it.  
My name, besmirched by slander and made vile  
By tongues of hate, shall rise, as morn comes out  
From night, resplendent with the fairest fame  
The world may know and heaven can reveal.  
I see the Pope of Rome, with bishops gathered  
From earth's ends and vast throngs of people,  
come

From farthest states, and all cry out my name  
And call me "Blessèd"; and our holy Church  
Shall rank me with the Saints of God in heaven.

[*Curtain*]

## HISTORIC SUMMARY.

Jeanne d'Arc, born at Domremy, 1412.

Received her first "Voices," 1425.

Came to Chinon March 6, 1429; raised the siege of Orleans in May and saw the king crowned at Rheims in July, same year.

Was taken prisoner in the battle at Compiegne May 24, 1430. She was taken by Burgundians and was delivered over to the English for 10,000 pieces of gold. Burgundy was persuaded to this criminal transaction by threats of boycott on Flanders. She was imprisoned in the great tower at Rouen and her trial began in February, 1431. She was burnt at the stake May 30, 1431.

Process of rehabilitation began Nov. 4, 1455.

She was pronounced "Blessèd" April 11, 1909, by Pope Pius X.

Canonization will occur in May, 1920.



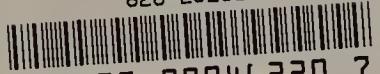








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